

Halloween '06

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Summary: What the, you've cracked haven't you' asked Libby. 'No, no,' I muttered through gasps. 'Well, maybe...' The continuation of the chilling Michael Myers story. POVOC

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own Michael Myers or any characters from the film. I do, however, own the plot, my characters, and this story in general so you better not try to steal it because I will bring my handwritten copy of this story to whoever I find out does and show the fact that you're plagiarizing. So enjoy the story and resist copying!

It happened about six months ago, a night I'll never forget. That night my mother took off shopping for groceries with my grandmother. That left my older brother and me to watch over our younger siblings. Little did I know a visitor was waiting in the garage, waiting for the right moment to strike!

Our garage is one of the dirtiest garages I've ever been in. My mom and older brother have tried countless times to keep it clean, but nothing stopped it from building up more filth.

Now is probably a good time to introduce myself. My name is Christy James. I'm 15 years old and I've lived in Ironton, Ohio all my life. Nobody ever comes here and majority of people born here never leave. I, on the other hand, plan on taking the first chance I get to leave this town. Anyway, I have raven black hair and cinnamon brown eyes. My home is more in the country, but a bunch of people I know live down my hollow/road.

Also, it might be nice if you knew this night is Halloween 2006. Obviously October 31st, 2006. This was the night that even my friend's berserk dream became a reality.

I sat on my couch, my bare toes curled and my eyes gazing intently at

the TV. I was watching some cartoon that was on Cartoon Network because nothing else was on. Even Disney didn't have anything worth watching. Just when the show paused for commercials, my Siamese cat started meowing. Who was I to not see what she wanted? Therefore, I checked her food bowl and of course it was empty.

"Lexi," I told my little sister Alexis, who was on the computer, "I'm going to go fill Jazz's food bowl."

"Sure," said Alexis, not looking away from the computer and her pc game.

"Ok," I said in a sarcastic tone. Some how, it annoyed me that she didn't care. "Be back in a minute."

I picked up the gray bowl, opened the garage door, and walked down the stairs. Once reaching the bottom, I walked over to the cat food bag and casually dipped the bowl down in and pulled the bowl back out. I started singing Numb by Linkin Park on my way back upstairs. I was almost at the top when I looked back and noticed the garage door was open. Naturally, I walked back down and shut the door. Looking around the garage, starting to feel something wasn't right, I found everything in the garage looked ok.

After checking every nook and cranny, I climbed the stairs again and tried to open the door. It wouldn't budge. I started beating on the door and yelling at my siblings to unlock the door. No such luck.

Sighing, I walked back down the stairs, through the garage door, and around to the front of the house. The front door was wide open. Thinking nothing of it, I walked inside. The scene that met my eyes was horrific. Glass shards covered the floor. There three bodies also on the floor and blood everywhere. My older brother, Alexis, and my younger brother that's 11 lay in the blood that seemed mini lake. I knew they were all dead.

I really felt like screaming, but I stopped. I remember that the murder could still be in the house; whoever the murderer was.

"911, I need to call 911," I said squeaked to myself, closing my eyes. This couldn't be happening! I walked back outside to escape the scene inside, only to find my mom's vehicle home. Inside it was my mom and grandmother; dead.

This time I did scream. I sunk to my knees and cried. After a few minutes of this, I got up and dashed next door to my grandparent's trailer. The phone was right beside to door so without looking to make sure my grandfather was ok, I grabbed the phone and punched 911 into it. Then I realized that the phone wasn't working. Slowly, I placed the phone back on the base and back away from it, blinking. What was going on? My dad was still gone but there was a chance he wasn't dead. I walked back to my grandfather's room and found a third reason to scream. My grandpa lay sprawled on his bed, dead. By the looks of it he'd been stabbed. I screamed and began sobbing again. I was all alone with a murderer in hot pursuit. I was the only one he had left to kill beside my dad.

Finally, when I came back to my senses I decided to go down the road to my friend's house. She was my only hope now. I turned to leave and

bumped into someone. I gasped, having a hard time finding my voice to scream. It was all over for me nowâ€|â€|.

2. Chapter 2

My friend was spending that night alone, her parents having left to visit her aunt in Kentucky and weren't going to be back till the next day. Therefore, she'd chosen to curl up on the couch, watch "Interview with a Vampire", and enjoy her quiet evening.

However, my friend's movie was going to be interrupted very shortly. My friend's name is Libby Torrance. She is also 15 and very sensible. That's why when I appeared at her door ten o'clock at night, she rolled her eyes.

"Don't tell me you're trick-or-treating," she said, not even letting me in.

"No, no," I said gasping for air. I had sprinted down to her house after all. "I need water-WATER!"

"Ok, ok," she said, letting me in. She quickly filled a tall glass with water and handed it to me.

Grateful, I mouthed thank you and began drinking the water. Libby led me into the living room and ordered me to sit down. She then turned the movie off and turned to face me, clutching the remote.

"Well?" she asked. "Why did you come up this late at night?"

Maybe when I'd ran up there, I'd forgotten what I had ran away from so the fear that had filled me had disappeared for a bit. Suddenly, it shot back through me and I pictured that masked face I had looked into. I screamed again and it startled Libby.

"What the- you've cracked haven't you?" asked Libby.

"No, no," I muttered through gasps. "Well, maybe. Listen- there's a murderer out there on the loose. He's killed my brothers, my sister, my mother, and my grandparents, and now-"

Then suddenly, I blinked and looked toward the kitchen where her front door was.

"Did you lock the front door?" I asked.

"Wait-what?" She apparently was still trying to take in everything. My face was turning paler and clammier.

"Did you lock the front door before we came in here?" I asked again, paying no mind to what she was muttering.

"No."

Without a word, I took off for the front door. When I got there I found the masked man facing me. Before he could make a move or I could scream, I slammed the front door shut and locked it.

"Who is that?" asked Libby.

"I'll explain later. Is there any other way out of your house?"

It seemed that all we did was ask questions that night. She nodded and pointed toward what I suppose was a back door.

"Is there any weapons in your house?"

"Yeah. A few guns and knives."

"Can you get two knives and two guns?"

"Sure."

The sure echoed in my head as she left to get them. That was the last thing Lexi had said to me before I'd gone to the garage. Silent tears started down my face again, but I brushed them away. I, Christy James, had to be strong.

Libby returned with two guns; a bebe gun and a 12-gage. Neither one of us knew how to use a gun, but we knew it was our only chance to defend ourselves if the knives failed us.

"They're both loaded, I checked," said Libby. "Who gets the bebe gun and who gets the 12-gage."

Suddenly, the glass part of door gave way. It fell all over the floor. The masked man stuck his arm in, trying to reach the lock.

"We'll worry about that later," I said, grabbing her hand and opening the back door.

Author's Note: Thanks for the reviews! Sorry the chapter's short, but that's when I decided to cut this chapter off. One more chapter left!

3. Chapter 3

Once outside, we took off for the woods. We had no idea where we were going or any kind of strategy. All I knew was we needed to get away where we could talk and think.

"Now," said Libby, stopping and pulling me back, "what's going on Christy?"

"That man, I think he's Michael Myers. You know, the story about the serial killer that's trying to kill all his family?"

At first, I thought she was going to believe me. However, she laughed.

"This is all a joke, right? Someone dressed up as Michael Myers and pretended to kill your family, and now I'm being dragged in on the joke."

"No, it's real! It's real!"

"How?"

"Look," I said, showing her the cut on my arm I'd received back at my grandparents trailer. "See? It's very much real."

"Oh my god," said Libby, sinking to her knees. "Michael Myers is after you? But why?"

"I guess I'm connected to him somehow. My dad moved here from Haddonfield, Illinois after all."

"We needâ€¦.oh my god! You can't kill him! It's impossible!"

"Shh! Not so loud! I know it is. Remember that dream you told me about last week? The one of you running in the woods being chased by a masked man? Well, you knew he was coming."

"I still don't understand," she began.

"Well, can you at least help me ward him off? Maybe tomorrow he'll leave till next Halloween."

I mean it as a joke, but she didn't laugh.

"I'm sorry about you family," she said sympathetically.

"It's ok," I replied. "Now, how about I take the 12-gage? I think he's really after me after all. You can take the bigger knife though."

Libby didn't argue and after we suited up with our weapons, we started moving deeper into the woods.

"I'm sure he's left my house by now," said Libby in a quiet voice.

"Yeah, I think it's time we develop a strategy. Maybe we can trick him somehow?"

"Maybeâ€¦." Her voice trailed off being as she was deep in thought. Then suddenly, she grinned. "Listen, here's what we need to doâ€¦"

I was really nervous. What if the plan didn't work? Should I run for my life and leave Libby to deal with him? No, I wouldn't do that. I stood in my position, waiting for him. Libby was half a mile back behind a tree, waiting for him as well. I could imagine how nervous Libby was.

Just then, something appeared and walked toward me. I gulped and braced myself. My hand shot toward my back jean pocket where my knife was. On the ground next to me was the 12-gage. Here comesâ€¦the boogiemanâ€¦.

However, when he stepped into a patch of moonlight I gasped. It wasn't Michael Myersâ€¦It was John James, my father.

"Dad!" I said, running toward him and flinging my arms around him. Everything felt ok for a second.

Yet, the relief was short lived. Libby shrieked and ran toward us.

"He's here!" she yelled, grabbing my arm.

Michael Myers stepped out into the scene. Libby was pulling me back. I, however, struggled against her, trying to go back to my dad.

"Uncle Michael," said my dad curtly.

"Uncle Michael?" I practically yelled.

"Yes, your last name is Tate. I changed my last name to hide from him but now that he's killed everyone else he's come to finish me and my family off. The last of the Myers family, my mother Laurie Strode. His familyâ€|.my familyâ€|.your family," my dad said in a casual voice.

"Libby, take her and go. Head to town! Don't stop till you reach it. Look for someone you know and stay there till morning. Go now!"

"Come on," said Libby in a sad voice, pulling me. Yet, I didn't budge. "There's nothing we can do to help," she pointed out as she yanked at me again.

Lexi, my brothers, my mom, my grandparents; they all flashed before me. "Sure," echoed throughout my mind once again. If any tears were left inside of me, I probably would have cried. Nothing came out of my eyes. So, I breathed in deep and back out before saying what I needed to say.

"I love you daddy."

"I know," he replied back, though his voice was cracking slightly. "I love you Christy Alice Tate."

That was the last time I saw my dad alive. Libby successfully got me to move and we ran until we couldn't anymore. Then we walked. Someone, I couldn't remember who Libby told me it was, picked us up on the side of the highway and dropped us off at the police station. It was 6:00 a. m. before we finally slept.

That day at noon the police questioned me. They sent a squad out to clean up the mess I'd left behind me. Libby's parents came back and offered to let me live with them, but I opted to stay a few days at their house before moving in with my aunt on my mom's side who lived nearby.

The next day after that I was forced to return to the place my father was in the woods. On his head was placed a jack-o'-lantern.

"He didn't have a jack-o'-lantern with him, did he?" I asked Libby, who was with me.

"No," she replied.

I carefully turned my father's corpse over and gasped at what I found. Inscribed on the jack-o'-lantern was the word "Halloween".

"What do you think the means?" asked Libby.

"Exactly what it says," I replied.

We had one big funeral the next week. A good deal of my school attended, and my older brother went to another school so some students and teachers (including his girlfriend) showed up. My father and mother were school teachers at my school district and therefore teachers from their buildings showed up.

At the reception, I walked out into the rainy afternoon. Libby followed me out.

"Well, it's all over," she said softly, gazing ahead. "Isn't it?"

"For this year," I replied.

We both knew what my Uncle Michael had meant by that word he'd written in the jack-o'-lantern. And that I was going to have to end it somehow.

-Halloween-

Author's Note: And that's the end of this wonderful story, lol. I'm thinking about writing another one, but I would like some feedback first if I should or shouldn't. Anyway, the ending is meant as a Halloween present, so Happy Halloween!

End
file.